

they dared not approach it. They came home and reported it to their master. He was vexed with them for being afraid of a bull and sent other men to help them. One hundred men could not drive it away. It would not let them come near. They all came and told the owner that they were helpless. The man got angry and went to the field himself. The bull had by then eaten the flower and leaf over a large plot of land. The owner went up with a stick to the bull. It had not allowed others to come near at all, but when this man came it took no notice of him. He had come up in a rage and lifted the stick high to give a smacking blow to the intruder. That was all he could do. He could lift up the stick but not bring it down. The lifted arm stayed so and he felt as if it had no elbow and had been fixed in a vice. He wondered and looked in terror at the bull. Nandi was looking at the man, not fiercely but as in pity, and with a glow suggestive of heaven about his beautiful large head; and the man heard a voice saying : "I am Nandi. I have come to teach you to give up your miserliness." He said: "Forgive me. I have been a sinner." Nandi said: "You are forgiven. Do not think your wealth is all for yourself. Give to the poor." The man promised to do so. Nandi told him finally to build a temple for him there and arrange for an annual fair. The man did this. The

temple is
there now and the fair takes place annually.
Other stories are apparently intended
to enhance
the prestige of particular localities or
perhaps to be
understood symbolically. An example of
this is the
story that is told of Antarganga or
"Hidden Ganges"
of the Kolar Hills. It is a beautiful place
and someone